

THE

CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

HERE is a glimpse of the pride and delight of New York, Central Park. Behold a blue lake, spanned by a light bridge for foot passengers; the graceful swans, which the children love to feed and everybody stops to admire. Here are cliffs and rocks and slopes and winding ways. There a summer-house, to sit down and rest yourself in; and an observatory, where you can see a fine landscape to reward your pains.

This beautiful park is five miles from the Battery, and contains nearly eight hundred acres.

New York is a big city; of course it needs a great deal of water. But it was short of water. They sent men out to find water, and they went on and on till they reached the Croton river, which empties into the Hudson about forty miles above the city. "We must bring the water of this river into our city," they said. But how carry it forty miles? that is a long, long way to go for a drink. Where there is a will there is a way, you know; and they built an aqueduct from New York to that river, which brings thirty millions of gallons a day into the city, and that waters it pretty well. Lest a

There are twenty-one miles of gravel walk, and eight of carriage road; and such a road you never drove upon before, so hard and smooth and bounding; it is a pleasure to ride on it. Two of the Croton reservoirs lie within the park, one covering one hundred and sixty-six acres.

Do you know what the Croton reservoirs are? I will tell you.

drought some summer should cut off the water, these reservoirs in Central Park are kept full, so that the people of New York are not likely to go dry.

Men, women, and children like to go from the dust and close air and stifled heat and hot bricks of the city to walk and ride in the beautiful Central Park. Here are pure air, green grass, shady trees, cool seats, and every thing to make it one of the finest breathing spots in the world. And I think the people must appreciate it, for they say four millions visited the park last year, and nine thousand carriages entered it in a single day.

FROM LITTLE KATIE.

Will you please accept the enclosed ten cents from little Katie, two years old, who wishes to send it to "little black girl has n't got any book?" She was very much interested in the story of the little girl who gave her pink apron; and when told that many of the little black girls needed books as well as aprons, she wished to send her pennies to buy one. She is very fond of books, especially the Tract Society's picture books, and can conceive of no greater privation than to be without them. She was anxious to "give her pennies to 'little black girl self, 'out any letter;" but when convinced that it was impossible, she wished her mamma to write a letter and send them for her. Katie's Mamma.

For The Child's Paper.

JOHN AND HIS LEISURE TIME.

How do you spend your leisure time? The boys have a good deal; apprentices and young men have a good deal. The way which you spend your leisure shows more than any thing else what your taste and habits are, what the real bent of your life is, whether it is towards good or evil.

In a shipyard at Philadelphia there was, not long since, among the hands one who did not follow his fellow-workmen to beer-shops or saloons, or to target-shootings, or to jollifications of any kind; nor did he buy a poodle, and spend six months in teaching the poor dog to dance a jig. John did not spend his leisure so. His mind was at work studying mechanical science; and in the same time that a man took teaching a dog to dance, John invented a saw which can do more work in two hours than a dozen men can do in a whole day; and the saw is now in use in all the shipyards of the country. It cuts a beam into a curved shape as quick as an ordinary saw-mill rips up a straight plank. John kept on studying and planning and making experiments; and his next invention was a machine that cuts things into the form of a sphere. He got a patent for it, and he sold a part of the patent for what would be a small fortune to some of us.

Lately he has invented a boring machine, which bores solid granite at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour. A gentleman who saw this invention tested, offered John ten thousand dollars for some share in his interest in the invention in Europe, and the offer was accepted on the spot.

John L. Knowlton—for that is his name—is a quiet, modest, industrious man, brought up to work. Nobody thought him brilliant or great; but he improved himself. While others wasted their thoughts and their time on idle pleasures, he applied both his time and thoughts to something valuable. His leisure evenings were spent in reading and study; and he got ideas which it became his delight and interest to make into better tools than the world had before.

Such a course of study and improvement would make fewer idlers and gamblers, and keep many a young man from the card-table, the dice-box, and the dram-shop.

"Grudge not one against another." Jas. 5:9.

Each little act of love to-day
I will do cheerfully;
Because a selfish, grudging way
God does not love to see.



For The Child's Paper.

THE BOY WITH THE HARE-LIP.

There was a boy who moved into the neighborhood with a hare-lip. Did you ever see a person with a hare-lip? It is the upper lip slit up like the lip of a hare. It has to be sewed together by the doctor; but even then it is never as good as a perfect one. Indeed you can never know the useful office of the lips in speaking, until you hear a person talk with a hare-lip. Jared Jones had one. You could hardly understand him at first. Every kind person pitied him.

But there was one boy who seemed to take pleasure in Jared's misfortune. He took every good chance of mocking and making fun of him. He liked to tease and make him angry. No really kind or generous boy laughed at him. They tried to

understand what he said, and answered him civilly. Jared knew George Wilson made fun of him, and it hurt his feelings very much. Sometimes he cried his eyes red, and often ran home before the rest to get rid of him.

"Oh, mother," he used to ask, "why did my heavenly Father give me a hare-lip and none of the other boys?"

"Because he loves you, dear child," said his mother.

"Oh," sighed the poor boy, "how can that be?"

"You know, Jared, when little children are hurt or get into trouble, they run to their mother's arms for help and comfort. Your kind heavenly Father has given you this, to bring you to Him for comfort and help. It is a part of the training which was necessary to make you his dear child, and fit you for his kingdom of glory in heaven, Jared. Go to him, dear child, beg him to forgive your murmuring and impatience, and help you by his Holy Spirit to bear it with a meek and quiet spirit, like his dear Son Jesus Christ our Saviour."

This was the way Jared's mother talked to him; and when the boys plagued him, he did go to his heavenly Father with the simple story of his sorrows. Often also his pious mother took him with her into her own little prayer-closet, and they prayed to God, kneeling side by side. No child can do this without being blessed by it. And those who knew Jared saw there was a sweeter and happier temper in him.

A fine spring of water bubbled up not a great way from the school-house, and ran off in a brook. Here the boys used to build dams and put up water-wheels, and spend a great many happy hours. Four or five willow-trees made it still pleasanter, especially in hot weather. One day, as Jared and two other boys were going to school, they stopped to look at matters round the spring, when one of them spied a slate and two school-books in the crotch of one of the willows. "It is George Wilson's, and there let it stay," said he; "let him know the fun of losing his slate." "I say, let's hide it," cried the other boy; "it will serve him right; he is the ugliest boy in school." "No," said Jared, "let us do no such thing; let us do as we would be done by; let us carry it to him." "You say so, Jared?" cried both boys at once—"you that he has plagued so! Why, you are a fool, Jared, a real fool." Jared took the slate and books from the tree, put them under his arm, and marched to school.

As they drew near, they heard loud and angry voices in dispute. It was George accusing some of the boys of stealing his things, and a regular fight was brewing, when Jared stepped up. "Here, George, are your things. We found them in a willow-tree by the spring, where I suppose you left them and forgot it; so I thought I'd fetch them to you." How surprised, ashamed, and relieved George looked. "Oh, Jared," he said humbly; "you brought them, Jared?" George did not thank him; it was not George's way to thank any body; but he never mocked or made fun of Jared afterwards. Oh what a wise and beautiful way is the gospel method of getting along—"To overcome evil with good." H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

PAPA AND THE BIRDS.

MY DEAR SON HENRY—As you sent me a nice little letter, telling me about the cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, and currants, I will tell you about our good things.

As the country is colder here, being three hundred and fifty miles north-west of where we live, the cherries and strawberries are getting quite ripe, just as yours are going away.

Two old robins have built their nest on the caps of one of the house pillars not far from my window. They come with their mouths full of cherries every few minutes for the young birds.

And why did they build their nest in this strange place? I will tell you. The trees of the beautiful grove close by the house have a great many squirrels upon them, and the squirrels eat the eggs and kill the young birds; so these old birds have for two years built their nest here, where the squirrels

can't come. God has taught them how to protect their young ones. How wonderful it is that God can teach birds and animals so much, and boys and girls so much more.

How much they should try to learn what God would teach them.

You must give my love to all the children, not forgetting baby.

Your affectionate father.



For The Child's Paper.

SOME of you have heard of little Mary's jump, many of you have not; so I will tell you how the little girl one day hunted for her papa. "Papa," she cried, "where are you?" Papa was down cellar. She came to the trap-door and looked down. It was all dark. "You there, papa?" she asked. "I am here, Mary; will you come?" said papa. "I can't see you, papa," cried the little girl. "But I can see you," said papa; "if you will throw yourself into my arms, I will catch you." "Oh, I shall fall," cried Mary; "I can't see you, papa." "I am really here," said Mary's father. "Whether you can see me or not, jump, and I will catch you." Mary looked, hesitated, wanted to, yet did not quite dare try, until at last she summoned up her courage and gave a jump. Her father caught her in his arms and brought his little darling up.

A few days after, Mary, again in search of her papa, looked down the trap-door. "I'll come to you again, papa," she said. Papa ran to the foot of the stairs just in time to receive her, and Mary, with her arms round his neck, cried out, "I knew, dear papa, I should not fall." The little girl believed her father could catch her, and that he would; and she found it very sweet to drop into his open arms and be clasped to his bosom.

And do you not know, my children, that there is another dearer One than father or mother, who says to Mary and to you all, "Come unto me?" You cannot see him, but he sees you. You cannot see him, but you hear his voice. Nor is it necessary for you to see him, in order to trust yourself to him. Mary could not see her father in the dark. But the Lord Jesus is in heaven, waiting to receive you; waiting with open arms to save and bless you; and he says, "They that seek me early shall find me," which is a promise made especially to the children.

For The Child's Paper.

WORK FOR THE GIRLS.

You know little girls are not thought much of in India. A mother is sorry when God gives her a girl baby, because she knows nobody will love her. They are not allowed to sit at table with their fathers and brothers. They never go to school, and nobody tries to improve them. It is a miserable thing to be a Hindoo lady. She is shut up in the back rooms of the house. She cannot play or sing or sew or read; she rarely goes out, and if she does, is so shut up in her palky as to see nothing. The poor women have a still worse time. They have all the hardest work to do. It is not bad, however, to be busy; that does not make them wretched. It is the ill-treatment which they receive. They get more hard blows than kind words; and even their sons are taught to be unkind to them; and all because they are women.

Of course there is no happy *home life* there, where father and mother, brothers and sisters enjoy each other's society together. Heathenism takes no care of home. Idol gods are cruel, and the people who believe in them are cruel also.

The religion of the Lord Jesus is quite unlike this. Christian parents love their little daughters tenderly, and every thing is done to make them grow up good and useful women.

It is hard for the missionaries to get acquainted with the Hindoo ladies, because they are kept so shut up. Their part of the house is called *zenana*. Therefore the ladies of New York not long ago formed a society to send out single ladies from America to visit these *zenanas*, that is, the women's apartments, as teachers and Bible readers, teaching them to sew and to knit, and read and write; in a word, teaching them how to be useful and how to be truly happy. And the Hindoo ladies who have received them are very much pleased and interested in being taught. "Oh," said one of the Hindoo ladies to her teacher, "what shall I do till you come back again? for since you have taught me to work, I cannot be idle."

Now the New York ladies invite all little girls to help them; and in several places they have formed themselves into "Mission bands," to raise money for their noble work. And what is very pretty, the bands take some name to distinguish them. One is called the "Pioneer Band." That must have been formed first, I think. Another is called "First-fruits." And a little girl writes, "Our band is called the Morning Star Mission Band; and we have three reasons for taking this name, Addie says.

"1. Jesus calls himself Morning Star.

"2. We wish to let our light shine in the morning of life.

"3. We hope that our little light will help to show that a bright day is coming for dark heathen lands."

Each band selects its own name, and promises to raise twenty dollars. The little girls get their money their own way—by collecting, or subscribing, or making things and selling them.

I thought I would tell our little girls of The Child's Paper about this. Many, I know, do for the heathen, and many, I dare say, do not. You often repeat the pretty hymn thanking God for his goodness and grace that you were

.... "Not born as thousands are,
Where God is never known,
And taught to say a useless prayer
To gods of wood and stone."

Now if you would like to express your thanks in action as well as words, what better way than to form a mission band? What name will you take? And if you want to know more about this way of doing, you can write to Miss S. D. Doremus, care of Doremus & Nixon, New York. I am sure she will be glad to tell you more.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

A PEEP AT THE ZULUS OF AFRICA.

The houses of the Zulus of South Africa are made by fastening small poles into the ground, bending them over to one central pole, and covering them with hay. They are eight or ten feet high, and only twelve or fourteen feet from side to side. A small opening close to the ground, about two feet square, is all the door or window they have. They build a fire opposite this opening, and sit around in the thick smoke, while they boil their squash or corn meal in a rough pot, made of clay by the women. Then the men eat first out of the pot, and the women and children afterwards, using a rough wooden spoon, if they have it, and if not, dipping it out in the palm of the hand.

Women do all the work, hoeing and digging the fields, and planting the corn and bringing it in a basket on their heads from the fields, and carrying it in the same manner to market, from twenty to forty miles distant. The sheep and goats and fowls are brought into the hut at night, and all lie down on the clay floor together, the animals in the centre, and the human animals around them.

Some of these poor people have listened to the missionaries, and have learned to read the Bible; and how different is their condition. They first put on decent clothes, and build a nice house; and the Christian man has but one wife, and he works in the field while she makes his home comfortable. He has learned to plough his field with oxen, and he carries his corn to market in a cart, and his wife goes with him to buy things for the family. When this Christian wife sees the poor heathen women still digging the fields and carrying the loads on their heads, how she longs to have all her people hear of God and learn to do his will. And should not children, especially the little girls of America, who are treated with so much tenderness and love—should they not be willing to deny themselves some luxury or some pleasure, that they may send the Bible and missionaries to poor degraded heathen? What am I doing for Jesus? Ask this question.



For The Child's Paper.

"I CAN," AND "I'LL TRY."

They can do a great deal, these four words. For overcoming difficulties, there is nothing like them. Robert Morrison, a little English boy, had this spirit, as I will tell you. Robert was the youngest of a large family. The Morrisons were poor, and the children were early put to work, *hard* work too; and it took a great deal to earn a little bread. The parents were godly people, and brought up their family in the fear of God. Little Robert was often impressed by his pious father's teaching and his mother's holy example, and by the time he was twelve years old he had given his whole heart to God.

About this time he went to Newcastle to learn a trade. While learning his trade, however, he did not forget all the good he had learned at home, nor did evil example draw him away from his Saviour. Often, while busy at work, he had his Bible open before him studying it; and often in the evening you might have found him kneeling in the workshop with a number of his little companions, praying to God—a little boys' prayer-meeting. Sometimes too he could be seen with his Bible under his arm going down the street; and if you watched him, you would have seen him turn into some poor cottage where an old man or woman was perhaps sick, to whom he had come to read God's word. His little visits were like angels' visits to these old people; and as he went away they said, "That little lad will be a good and great man yet."

Certainly it was a good beginning, was it not?

As he grew up, he determined to devote his life to the work of God, and he chose the missionary service as the one best suited to his feelings; therefore, when the London Missionary Society wanted a missionary to go to China, they selected Robert Morrison.

But before going he must learn something of the language; and the Chinese language, you know, is one of the hardest in the world to learn. No one in England at that time was ever known to have learned it. Of course no one could be found to teach it; nor were there any books to help a scholar along. Was not this a difficulty? A great one, I should call it.

At last a Chinaman was found living in London, Yong-sam-tak. Yong-sam-tak said he would be Robert's teacher. But where should they get Chinese books? A permit was gotten to search through the British Museum, and see if any thing could be found there to suit his purpose. There is nothing like trying, you know. And what did Robert one day find but the best kind of Chinese book for his purpose. With this book and the help of Yong-sam-tak, young Morrison sat down to his studies.

One day a gentleman came in, and seeing its odd letters, asked what language that was. "Chinese," answered Robert. "Chinese!" exclaimed the gentleman; "do you understand Chinese?" "Oh no, sir," replied the young man, "but I am *trying* to understand it." "And what are you going to gain," asked the gentleman, "by trying to learn so difficult a language that many think no European can ever master?" "All I can say is," answered the young man modestly, "that I feel an earnest desire to learn it; and if zeal and patience can master it, I will."

When he was thought fit to be sent out, he was allowed to go; and making his way round by America, he at last reached Canton, for this was fifty years ago, when a voyage round the world was attended with greater difficulties and dangers than it now is.

He found the people in Canton looked upon him with suspicion, and he was obliged to proceed cautiously. He put on the dress of a Chinaman, and took a low, cellar-like room, called a "godown," where he lived in great secrecy. Here day and night he pored over his books, talking with the people and preaching to them as best he could.

He was a hard student, and he made such progress, that in seven years he put the New Testament into the Chinese language. Then he was joined by another missionary, Dr. Milne, to whom he taught the language, and four years after, in 1818, they finished the translation of the whole Bible; that is, they gave to *one half the heathen world* the word of God in a language they could understand. Was not that a great and blessed work?

Twenty years after, the gentleman who saw young Morrison over his Chinese book in the Museum, sat on the platform of the London Missionary Society, and to his astonishment and delight saw him present the *whole Bible translated into Chinese*. Never fear, boys, mastering any great difficulty after that. "I'll try" and "I will" can work wonders in the world. Industry and steadfastness, joined to a noble purpose, are the great powers of the world.

For The Child's Paper.

EARLY ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

"Mother thinks I'm too young to take the temperance pledge," said Johnny; "but I don't think so, because, you see, the younger I take the right stand, the better; and isn't it always best to *start* right?"

I think so. Boys understand what the pledge is, and in a thousand cases it is better, in these times of evil associates and early temptations, for a boy to stand thus *committed for the right*. His ground is already taken, and he will not easily be driven from it.



A DEAR little boy never closed his eyes at night without repeating these verses. They are, you see, a little prayer in poetry. He did not say them thoughtlessly, he felt every word; and God answered the prayer by giving him his grace and making him a little believer.

Lord, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh, put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.
Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole soul, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.
O Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Wilt thou my soul in safety keep?

For The Child's Paper.

A LONG JOURNEY AFTER A BIBLE.

Ned had for one of his birthday presents a Bible, and it seemed to please him more than all the rest of his presents. He took it to bed with him, and put it under his pillow.

"What do you prize it so for, Ned?" asked his oldest brother. "Because," answered the little fellow, "it tells me the way to Jesus." Yes, it is the glory of the Bible, that it tells the way to Jesus Christ; and if we find him, we find our sins forgiven, and we find heaven, and we find what everybody is trying to find and a great many cannot—we find the way to be happy. This is a Bible land; and because it is so easy to own a Bible, I am afraid we do not prize it as we should. In heathen lands, people who love the Saviour can often get only a *small piece* of the Bible, and that they are so careful of.

Two men came one night to Mr. Ellis, the missionary of Madagascar. They were on a journey, and they walked a *hundred miles* out of their way to visit him. "Sir," they said, "we hear you have Bibles, and we have come a long way to get one. Will you sell us one?" Mr. Ellis thought they might be government spies, so he said, "Come here to-morrow morning and I will let you know."

The government of Madagascar, you know, was opposed to the Bible. It drove away the missionaries, and tried to murder the Christians; but for all it could do, it could not root Bible truth out of the hearts of those who once got it.

Mr. Ellis asked about the two men, and he found they were not spies, but belonged to a Christian family in the country; therefore, when they came the next morning, he was very glad to see them. "Have you the Bible?" asked Mr. Ellis. "We have seen it and heard it read," the man said; "but we have only some of the words of David, and that does not belong to us, it belongs to the whole family."

"Have you the words of David with you now?" asked Mr. Ellis. They looked at each other, and would not answer. Perhaps they were afraid; but Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them. Then one of the men put his hand in his bosom, and took out what seemed to be a roll of cloth. He unrolled it, and after taking off some wrappers, behold, there were a few old, torn, dingy leaves of the Psalms, which had been read, passed round, lent, and reread, until they were almost gone. Tears came into Mr. Ellis' eyes when he saw it.

"Have you ever seen the words of Jesus, or John, or Paul, or Peter?" asked the missionary. "Yes," they said, "we have seen and heard them, but we never owned them." Mr. Ellis went and brought out a Testament with the book of Psalms bound with it, such as we have, and showed it to

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY. H. KINGSBURY.

2. The name of that beautiful city is Heaven,
Where the chosen of God will reign,
When free from the changes and follies of earth,
Its sorrow, its sin, and its pain;
Where nation and king
Their glory shall bring,
And the praises of God
And Immanuel sing;
Where the weary and toil-worn for ever shall rest
In that beautiful city, the home of the blest.

3. Oh, who would not enter that city above,
Where the tree of life doth stand
On either side of the crystal stream
Of life with its golden strand,
And gaze on the scene—
Its gardens of green,
With their amaranth flowers,
And no shadows between;
Where no fear of death will the soul dismay,
In that beautiful city of endless day. E. A. C.

them. "Now," said Mr. Ellis, "if you will give me your few words of David, I will give you *all* his words, and besides, the words of Jesus and John and Paul and Peter."

The men were amazed and delighted; but they wanted to see if their words of David were in Mr. Ellis' book; and when they found they were, besides a thousand more just as good, their joy knew no bounds. They willingly gave up their poor tattered leaves, seized the volume, bade the missionary good-by, and started off upon their long journey home, rejoicing like one who had found a treasure. Did not these poor men prize the Bible?

For The Child's Paper.

THE BURNT BARN.

Theodore had often been told not to play with matches. He had heard his mother say so once, twice, three times, and perhaps more. There was no fault in his ears; his ears heard very distinctly. And he knew *why* his mother forbade it; because it was dangerous, he might set the house on fire.

Theodore lived on a farm. The house had no other house near. There was a large barn full of hay, and a shed and a cow-house. One afternoon Theodore's father and mother rode into town. Theodore was left with his grandmother and Lucy and aunt Dinah. Well, what did Theodore do after they were gone, but climb up to the match-box in the kitchen, and take out a bunch of matches. He did it slyly. But what do you suppose made him do it?

He then went to the barn to play with them. Theodore could never tell just what he did, but in half an hour the hay in the barn was on fire; and a man came running in from the field, crying, "Fire, fire! the barn's in flames!" Indeed it was, cracking, roaring, bursting out on every side.

"Where's Theodore?" cried grandmother in great terror. "I saw him running from the barn," said the hired man. How frightened the folks were. The distant neighbors saw it, and came as quickly as possible, but the barn could not be saved. Once they were afraid the house would go too; but the wind blew the flames another way, and the house was saved. Father and mother knew nothing about it. When they reached home, what a desolate sight they saw. Their beautiful new barn,

full of new-mown hay, burnt to the ground, and only a few smoking rafters left.

"What does this mean? How did it happen?" cried Theodore's father. The truth had to be told. "Theodore did it playing with matches." Who would like to have been in his place? Disobedience and carelessness, Oh what destruction they have made, what damage have they done!

HANNAH MORE says, "Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more certainly than to *ill-temper*." Little Willie seemed to know this, for whenever he had nothing to do, he would say, "Now, mamma, I have nothing to do; I am on *Satan's ground*, you know."

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